Vol. VI. Numb. 27

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Letters betwixt the Univerſity at Oxford, *and that at* Geneva: *With Remarks thereon. Of the Danger of a Society of High-flyers. Of the* Latin *in the Univerſity's Letter. A Challenge to the Univerſity High-flyers. The* Country-man *expounds the Pictures of that fine gawdy Pamphlet.*

From Saturday, May 31. to Wednesday, June 4. 1707.

Country-m. MAſter, I'm a'moſt in a good Humour agen; I'm reſolv'd the grinning *Jacks* ſhan't put me out of Countenance. The *Genius* of old *England* will rouſe, and kick the Fools and Knaves out of ——.

Obſ. Hold, *Roger*, if you love me, don't ſay where; that may provoke 'em, and my *Genius* will not ſuffer me to ſtand any more Informations; my Fever has ſhock'd me, and I can't attend Courts, to ſtruggle for *Engliſh* Liberties.

Country-m. Well, Maſter, for all that, I won't be run down. I ſay, when the Fools and Knaves are kick'd out of ——, you, and I, and every Body, knows where ——, we ſhall have a happy Time; the *Jacks* will be treated as they deſerve, for inſulting the Government, upon its Loſſes. But, Maſter, what fine Book is that before you; let's hear a little of that this Bout; 'tis Time enough to enter Dr. *Hickes*'s Porch.

Obſ. Why, *Roger*, that Book, for all its Finery, is but a Bauble, and few People think it worth Notice; but yet there are ſome Things in this gawdy Pamphlet, that make me melancholy. You know there can be no Appearance of Danger to the Proteſtant Religion, or Diſhonour to my Country, but I muſt be concern'd at it, while I live.

Country-m. Pray, Maſter, communicate; I am honeſt *Roger*, and love both as well as you. If I can do any Thing to prevent this Danger and Diſhonour, you're ſure of me; let me ſee the Book. —— Piſh, what, it's *Latin!* How can the Language of the Beaſt do us Good or Hurt?

Obſ. This is the Letter from *Geneva* to *Oxford*, with our Univerſities Anſwer. Now, the Things that trouble me, are, firſt, to ſee a reſtleſs Faction here, and at *Geneva*, contriving to ſet the Proteſtant Churches on Fire, and make the unhappy Breaches among us wide enough to let in Eccleſiaſtical Tyranny, which is Popery every where, tho' in ſome Places it han't the Name; for you muſt know, that all the High-flyers cry out againſt the Pope, but 'tis becauſe they han't the chuſing of him, or the Exerciſe of his uſurp'd Power over the Conſciences and Eſtates of Princes.

Thus *Turretine*, and one or two Preſbyters more of *Geneva*, hope to impoſe upon the *Syndicks*, and make themſelves Biſhops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons, and all the reſt of the Miniſters muſt preſently become their Curates: They long for the Tythe-Pig, and to be riding the Magiſtrates, that have ſo honourably fed them.

And mark it, *Roger*, when the corrupt Clergy, in any Place, have a Deſign, the reſt are ready to aſſiſt 'em, all the World over; and therefore 'tis always good for the Civil Government to watch ſuch a Combination, leaſt they ſhould be ſubverted by thoſe pretended Saints; whoſe Religion is Riches, Grandeur, and Dominion.

Country-m. But I hope the *Syndicks* will cruſh this Cockatrice Egg, and that our true Proteſtants at Home will take Care to unite, and let the poor deluded People of *Geneva* know how near they are to Ruin, if they turn High-flyers. Come, this won't diſcourage me; they won't ſuffer Mr. *Turretine* to ſpit in his own Father's Face long; and I am confident, that our Society for Propagation of the Goſpel, won't let him (for he's one of their Members) uſe any of the Money, that good People give towards planting the Goſpel in *America*, towards planting Superſtition in *Geneva*.

Obſ. Why aye, *Roger*, that's a good Thought, and I'm confident too, that my Lord *C——y* will to the utmoſt promote the Plantation of the Goſpel, where he's Governor; for he has begun already, and impriſon'd two diſſenting Miniſters, who piouſly forſook their native Country, and went into the *American* Woods, to preach this very Goſpel we ſpeak of, to the poor Heathens, and won't releaſe 'em, unleſs they'll give Bond not to preach the Goſpel there. — We may talk of this another Time.

Roger, if the People of *Geneva* are trick'd out of their ancient Church-Government, it will not be the firſt time a People have been ſo ſerv'd by the Perfidiouſneſs of ſome among themſelves. The Iſlands of *Jerſey* and *Guernſey* were reform'd by Preſbyters, and the Preſbyterian Religion was their Eſtabliſhment: But the Epiſcopal Party in *England* were willing to force 'em into its Communion; this would not do, for the Iſlanders were ſtedfaſt in their Religion: Then they went to Stratagem, and found out a Preſbyter among 'em, call'd *la Place*, a Man of a quick Wit, good Learning and Parts, but very ambitious, aſpiring to greater Dignities in the Church, than the Preſbyterian Conſtitution would allow of; with this Tool they work'd, promiſing him great Preferment, if he could bring the Preſbyters of the Iſlands to ſubmit to the Church of *England*; which he ſoon did, by offering them Spiritual Promotions: And here is one Thing worthy of Remark, to ſhow how powerful Attractives Church-Promotions are; the Iſlanders loſt their Religion, but they kept

their

their ancient Civil Government, for they are govern'd by the Laws of *Normandy* to this very Day.

About five or six Years ago, young *Turretine* came into *England*; whether of his own Accord, or sent for, I know not; but to *Oxford* he went, where he was highly caress'd, and initiated into High-Church Principles: I know not how he has diffus'd 'em at *Geneva*, but sure I am, a Society of High-Church-Men in the World will be as ruinous to Crown'd Heads, as the Society of Jesuits, who now do a Power of Mischief; but what will they not do? What will they not attempt, when a Society like themselves, shall join them? High-Church and Popery, are so near a-kin, that they may easily unite.

But, *Roger*, that which vexes me most about this Letter, and is that which I wonder does not disturb all the Gentlemen and Schollars in *England*, is, when their Accademies cannot write a short Letter, without bad *Latin*.

Country-m. Look ye, d'ye see, Master, I would willingly be civil to you; but I can't, in short, think that our Varsities have such foolish Folk in 'em, as not to write true *Latin*. Let me see, is their Name to it? Who is it sign'd by? Who's this? *Tam Rogues Gentium, quam non Rogues Gentium.*

Obs. Why, you rude Boor you; do you prophane *Latin*, too?

Country-m. Good Sir, don't be so angry, it's only the Weakness of my Faith, that I can't believe this: Besides, I have been as familiar with much better People, and han't been so severely reprov'd.

Obs. 'Tis the Weakness of thy Understanding; for every Man of Sense, that knows any Thing of the *Latin* Tongue, knows what I say to be true; *Litteræ transmissæ*. Is not Genuine but a bald *Anglicism*? But in the second Line of their Letter, *Litteras transmissas*, is downright Nonsence. What? *transmissas* from *London* to *Oxford*! But who ever heard from a *Roman* Mouth, *Verba Sententiam Exprimentia*? And *Siquid asperius &c? Id non designatum fuisse?* Whoever expected such horrid Barbarisms in an University's *Latin* Epistle? *Perduellioni* is a good Word; but in the Sense they have us'd it, they might as well have us'd *Aqua Tetrachymagagon.*

Country-m. Good Sir, I begin to tremble; I beseech you, lay this *Latin* Devil, and I'll believe you; let the learned Men be Judges. If ever I meddle with a *Latin* Book again, to put you into such a Passion, may my *Joan* henpeck me all the Days of my Life.

Obs. Roger, I am concern'd to see this Stuff, and can give 'em more out of their Writings; but that there are abundance of pretending Whipsters, that, like thee, *Roger*, will not believe a Word of that, I provoke their Tool *Lesley* to justify this Bog-*Latin*. I have heard it said, that their *Dodwell* is old Dog at it, and the greatest Master of *Latin* in *England*, tho' I can't believe it. But I intreat that learned Gentleman, Dr. *Hickes*, or *Sacheverel*, to help 'em to defend this Rubbish, and then I'll help 'em to more of it, for I keep Rods in Piss for 'em; and instead of your Towel, *Roger*, I will make use of my *Ferula*, 'till I make 'em bow to the sacred *Roman* Tongue, which has punish'd 'em with a *Derelidion*, for attempting to make her plead for Tyranny and Passive-Obedience.

Country-m. Well, Master, I wish you well off this Challenge: But what if they should drub you? I've heard they are deadly Drubsters. Sir, if they should serve you, as a Master of Arts, a Batchellor, and a Fellow Commoner, when I was at *Oxford*, serv'd a poor Fellow; they made him take a T— in his Hand, and remove it out of their Reverendships Sight, and the poor Fellow was forc'd to take it up, because they stood with their Battoons over him, and his Breeches were down; but as soon as he had tuck'd 'em up, the arch Knave flung the T— in their Faces.

Obs. Well, I find they are pretty good at three to one; but Numbers won't help 'em in this Controversy; they can't use me worse than they did the learned Dr. *Bentley*, who is the greatest Master of the *Greek* Critick in the World; they abus'd him with bald *Latin* and false *Greek*, and in a Manner challeng'd him, tho' he was a Divine, and wore no Sword, for shewing 'em their Nonsence, and lamenting, that they had disgrac'd their Country; (on which Account I lament 'em also) and all this done, tho' he was Head of *Trinity-Colledge* in *Cambridge*, and Library-Keeper to King *William*.

Country-m. Aye, Master, no Doubt if he had any Regard to King *William*, he must expect no Manners nor Mercy. I could say Something to your *Latinity*; but I only beg, that you would never give me any more of that curs'd *Aqua Tetrachymagagon*; why, 'tis an hundred times worse than Devil's Pils; it has put me into such Convulsions, I wish I may ever be sweet again.

But, Master, have these fine Pictures about the Varsity-Letter, any Meaning in 'em?

Obs. Prethee, *Roger*, try if thou can'st expound 'em.

Country-m. Master, I have no Skill in *Hireglyptick*, tho' I have read some *Pocalips*-men. But this first Picture in the Front, is as much as to say, *great is* DIANA *of the* Ephesians; or who dare say, that Nonsence can possibly be printed at the Theatre in *Oxford*? And this last, Master, is that lying Jade Mrs. *Fame*, the very Sister of her you show'd me in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*. But if this Letter be such nasty Stuff as you talk on, that Trumpet she has in her Mouth, shou'd ha' been stuck in her——, and so then she might have sounded the Praises of the Varsity-Folk, *Fundamentaliter*.

Obs. Enough, *Roger*, both of her Nonsence, and yours.

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